

TRAVELING THE INTERDIMENSIONAL INTERSTATE

by Jo Buchanan

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I'd dreamed of attending a Monroe Institute program since reading *Journeys Out of the Body* in the late seventies, but living in Sydney, Australia, made doing so seem out of the question. In 1997, however, I decided that my financial situation would no longer be an obstacle. With two fellow Australians, Ashley Trucano and Posie Graeme Evans, I signed up for *GATEWAY*, *LIFELINE*®, and *EXPLORATION 27*®, back-to-back. At worst I'd lose my deposits; at best the Universe would support me unconditionally. It did. Wow! I couldn't wait!

Early on, I discovered that my wishes wouldn't manifest on demand. On the contrary, I never achieved my original goals. They were only the "carrot" to get me there. My heartfelt mission had been to reunite with my father, sister, and nephew, who all passed from physical existence within a three-month period years before. My intense feelings around the deaths had never been expressed. I had worked in Sidney during the week and flown to Melbourne to comfort my broken-hearted eighty-three-year-old mother each weekend. At the same time, my son's brilliant career as a composer and actor deteriorated and he was hospitalized owing to the complications of major depression.

So, in the isolation of the CHEC unit thousands of miles from home, what happened? Did I leave my body and reunite with Dad, Christine, and Joel? No. I stayed well and truly inside my body and wept uncontrollably for days on end. My trainers reassured me, "Your subconscious mind knows exactly what it is doing. You're here for three weeks. The expression of grief is probably essential to clear the way for your next stage of development."

I felt disappointed and ripped off as other participants shared fascinating experiences. But the trainers were right. Something had changed drastically within me. I felt lighter and more serene. Once emotional baggage was released, I had an unsolicited OOB (out-of-body experience). It was so surprising that I doubted my ability to deal with it.

Suddenly out of body, I encountered a young man who had just departed physical existence. He was confused, agitated, remorseful, and desperate. Cause of death: an accidental drug overdose, not intentional suicide. He said his name was Gary. This scrap of information was

accompanied by an overriding urge to ring my daughter, Simone, back in Australia. The incident, dutifully detailed in my journal, was dismissed as imagination. Between each program, Ashley and I stayed at the nearby home of a wonderful lady called Nan. I told Nan about my “imaginary” OOBE and the nagging urge to ring Simone. My daughter was pregnant. Perhaps something was amiss. “Ring her,” insisted Nan. I did, and learned that OOBE’s can provide definite and specific information although we may “hear” it a little off-key.

I told Simone that I’d wanted to ring all week. Was she OK?

“Yes, I’m fine. Don’t worry, Mum, but I’ve been very upset this week because a friend committed suicide.” Temporary silence at my end of the line. “How?” “He took an overdose of drugs.” “What was his name?” “Rory.” Wrong name, but close enough.

“Simone, he didn’t commit suicide. It was an accident.” Silence at her end now. “How do you know this, Mum?” “I’ll tell you when I get home.” I replaced the telephone receiver in stunned disbelief. Rory? Gary? A small error in “hearing.” It couldn’t be coincidence! From that moment on, I felt like I was getting somewhere, but nothing could have prepared me for what happened next.

It was the first day of the second course, *LIFELINE*. One minute I was in my CHEC unit, the next I was in a cell on death row with a female inmate awaiting execution, and not just with her but tangled in her energy field. There was no awareness of her physical appearance (although I sensed that she was young), but her thoughts and feelings had become my own. My/her feelings fluctuated from acceptance and making peace with God to sheer terror about the leather straps that would bind my body and the lethal injection. Trapped in this reality for a short while, I struggled frantically to escape. As I burst back into normal consciousness, my CHEC unit felt like a prison cell and I clawed at the heavy, black curtain. Slithering to the carpet, I wept uncontrollably and continued to cry, off and on, for hours.

Once again, I judged myself harshly and called the episode “imagination.” Part of my work is with imprisoned women. I belong to a support group for women on death row in Florida. Since I’d corresponded with one of these women, Aileen Warnos, my left brain decided that this had prompted my second imaginary OOBE. The intensity of the feeling, the physical collapse, and the weeping were all put down to “more grieving left over from last week.” The fact that Aileen would be executed in the electric chair, rather than by lethal injection, was irrelevant from my left-brain perspective. Nonetheless, later I was glad to have shared the experience with the group in our debriefing. Because, upon our release from the “no time zone,” Ashley was reading Nan’s copy of *USA Today*. Suddenly she gasped aloud. Earlier in the week, the newspaper had announced the proposed February 3 execution of a Karla Faye Tucker in Texas—by lethal injection.

My most profound interdimensional travel experience occurred a couple of weeks after returning home and involved a dual, waking perception of parallel dimensions. I was walking along Balmain Road in Royelle, a suburb of Sydney, after visiting my son in the hospital. It was a hot day, traffic was reasonably heavy, and the narrow sidewalk was blocked by two women with babies in strollers, idly passing the time of day. Not wishing to interrupt their conversation, I stepped off the curb to walk around. At that point, I noticed a commotion on the road ahead. It centered around a young Asian man in rather old-fashioned clothing who was sitting on the street. Several people had parked their cars and were offering assistance. Moving closer, I saw a huge bundle of dirty clothes and other materials tied with thick grass, all piled upside down on the road. Perhaps the boy had been hit by a car. But there was a large, rickety cart with wooden wheels which appeared to have carried the scattered load. The foul stench emanating from it made me step backward, hand against my nose. On the cart were dirty, handwoven blankets, two half-dead goats, and bamboo crates housing a scrawny cat, several chickens, and even a small baby. There were bamboo cupboards, wooden boxes, an assortment of primitive tools, flaps of raw meat covered in flies, and two small children tied on the cart's side with twine. An older man, dressed like the youth, scurried back and forth from a broken-down shanty, throwing even more rubbish onto the heavily laden cart. The shack itself was engulfed in mist and stood in brown, murky water.

The primitive scene was as real as the slowing cars and honking horns around me. The Royelle University campus was on my left and the hospital I'd just visited was on my right. The swamp, shack, and cart occupied a space in the middle of Balmain Road. Vomit rose in my throat. I leapt back onto the sidewalk. "Are you alright?" one of the women asked. "Just the heat," I replied, "I've not been well." What else could I say? The primitive scenario faded and traffic ran smoothly. By the time I reached home, my mind was insisting "imagination" once again. There was only one problem with that: I could still smell the stench. The incident is in my journal, and I've suspended all disbelief.

It's now March and I'm still processing the side effects of my three weeks at TMI. I see auras more clearly than ever before. I'm trusting my intuition more and accepting without equivocation that we are much, much more than our physical bodies. Once, this was only a belief. Now I know it to be true. My journey so far reminds me of a passage in *Mind Trek*, by Joseph McMoneagle. Joe quotes Maurice Nicoll as saying, "We know only a limited reality, which is characterized by the passage of time. But the ultimate cause and origin of all things is not a million years ago. It is outside time. Now."